Were Brasse impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the last, and with a lettle pin,
Bores through his Castle walles, and farewell King.
Couer your heades, and mocke not flesh and blood,
With solemne reuerence throw away respect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but mistooke me all this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taste griefe, need friends: subiected thus,
How can you say to mee, I am a Kin?

Carl. My Lord, Wise-men ne're sit and waile their woes
But presently preuent the wayes to wayle,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse strength vnto your foe,
And so your follies fight against your selfe:
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, payes death seruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King. Thou chidst me well; proud *Bullingbrooke*, I come,
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This Ague-fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, Where lies our Vnckle with his power?
Speake sweetely man, although thy lookes be sower.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauy eye:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your Vnckle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

King. Thou hast sayd enough:
Beshrew thee Coosin which didst lead me foorth

Of that sweete way I was in to dispaire.
What say you now? What comfort haue we now?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more,
Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
A King woes slaue, shall kingly woe obey:
That power I haue; discharge, and let them go
To eare the land that hath some hope to grow:
For I haue none; let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege one word.

King. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue:
Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
From *Richards* night, to *Bullingbrooks* faire day.

Enter Bull. Yorke, North.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne,
The Welchmen are dispearst, and Salisbury
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends, vpon this coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord:
Richard not farre from hence hath hid his head.

York. It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland,
To say, King *Richard*; alacke the heauie day,
When such a sacred King, should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes; onely to be briefe,
Left I his title out.

Yor. The time hath bin, should you haue bin so briefe with (him,
He would haue bin so briefe to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole deads length.

Bull. Mistake not (Vnckle) further then you should.

York. Take not (good Coosin) further then you should,
Least you mistake the heauens are ouer your heads.

Bull. I know it Vnckle, and oppose not my selfe
Against their willes. But, who comes heere? *Enter Percie.*
Welcome *Harry*: What, will not this Castle yeeld?

H. Percie. The Castle is royally mand my Lord.
Against thy entrance.